

The Wabash Express.

R. N. HUDSON, Editor.
I. M. BROWN, Local Editor.

TERRE-HAUTE:

Wednesday, July 30, 1856.

FOR PRESIDENT
JOHN C. FREMONT,
FOR VICE PRESIDENT
WM. L. DAYTON,
FOR CONGRESS
JOHN P. USHER,
OF VIGO COUNTY.

Peoples' Party State Ticket.

For Governor,
O. P. MORTON, OF WAYNE.
Lieutenant Governor,
C. BAKER, OF VANDERBURG.
Secretary of State,
JOHN W. DAWSON, OF ALLEN.
Auditor of State,
E. W. H. ELLIS, OF MARION.
Treasurer of State,
W. R. NOFFSINGER, OF PARKE.
Reporter of Supreme Court,
JOHN A. STERN, OF TIPPECANOE.
Clerk of Supreme Court,
JOHN A. BEAL, OF MIAMI.
Attorney General,
J. H. CRAVENS, OF RIPLEY.
Superintendent of Public Instruction,
CHARLES BARNES.

The Pot Boils.

The political excitement that prevails this country at this time, is almost unprecedented. Every township is having its Fremont demonstrations, and speakers are speaking, the people are reading, and soon there will be but one feeling, and that will be a determined hostility to old lineage, and the ten cents a day candidate of the Democratic party.

In Nevins township, on last Thursday, there was a large meeting of the friends of Fremont and Dayton. They were addressed by several speakers from this city, and also, by Mr. Hamilton, the editor of the *Brazil* paper, who has just come out for Freedom and Fremont. A large Fremont horse company was formed, and a Fremont Club organized.

In Otter Creek township, on Friday, there were near three hundred people assembled at Mr. Creels. A Fremont horse company comprised of 70 persons marched in procession with banners flying, and giving cheers for Fremont and Usher. They organized a Fremont Club and elected as its officers, many of the first men in the township.

At Fayette and Honey Creek townships, on Friday there were large numbers of people assembled to hear speakers, and hundreds, who have heretofore been undecided as to the proper course to pursue, now determine to give their influence and their votes to that man, who will the more certainly prevent this State from going for Buchanan.

They all seem to feel; indeed they know, that it will not do for A. P. Willard to ever be Governor of Indiana, and hence they will cast their votes for the People's ticket, and thereby save the State a calamity so much to be feared.

Congressional Canvass.

Mr. Usher, during the last week, has been speaking in some of the Southern counties in this State, and people everywhere have come out in masses to hear him. Free speech, free thought and American freedom in Kansas seem to be the theme that is now exciting public attention. As the corruptions of the present administration are presented before the popular mind, the indignation of the people is aroused, and they vow upon the altars of their country, to wrest from the hands of their wicked rulers, all power, and bestow it afterwards to the care of honest men.

Wherever Mr. Usher goes he leaves a flood of light after him, and hundreds are daily renouncing party allegiance, and resolving to act with that party, who are opposed to the negro coming north, and under the sanction of law being placed upon a social equality with the poor white man. They are determined to act with those who are in favor of adhering to the compromises of our fathers, who are opposed to "border ruffianism," "iniquitous legislation and modern democracy generally."

The canvass for Mr. Usher opens gloriously, and the vote of his competitor, will compare with that given for him about in the same ratio as will the intellectual ability of Mr. Davis, compare with that of Mr. Usher—Usher being therefore overwhelmingly ahead.

Col. Dowling made a speech of three hours long, to about 50 persons in Sugar Creek Township on Friday. Dowling says he is an old Whig, yet he is a warm supporter of James Buchanan and Ashbel P. Willard. It is easy to see what kind of Whiggery has seized him. While in his speeches he is eulogistic in his praise of Mr. Fillmore, yet it is only from the lip, in his heart he has not one feeling of sympathy for Millard Fillmore, his cause or his friends.

The trap that the old liners have set to gull the Fillmore men, is becoming more and more apparent every day and it will be but a short time, until the triggers are actually set, will spring without requiring one victim.

We have neglected, for a day or two, to notice the card of R. Patton, proprietor of the "Paris Hotel." This hotel is the largest in Paris, and is well furnished. The traveling public may rest assured of being well and honorably cared for, at this house, as every thing the country affords that an epicure could desire, is to be found on his table, served up in the best manner. Mr. Patton has been long engaged in this business, and understands it thoroughly, while the laudatory, Mrs. Patton, is an excellent lady and is always to be found at her wonted duty, rendering her guests comfortable and home-like. Stop there, ladies and gentlemen, if you want the worth of your fare.

Man Killed by Lightning.

On Saturday last, Mr. Abram Mendenhall was struck by lightning and instantly killed, in a corn field about five miles South of this City. The deceased and his brother were plowing when it commenced raining, and unhitching their horses they started for home, and while in the act of laying down the harness, Mr. Mendenhall was struck dead. His brother was considerably stunned, but not injured.

It is said that several men were killed by lightning within the past two days, which makes "all outdoors" look up. Good, like to see it. Hurrah for the crops and low prices of vegetables, who's afraid of Buchanan and his ten cents a day.

PARIS, ILLINOIS.

This "little village" is fast becoming a place of importance, and, perhaps, her trade now commands a larger and more wealthy farming community than any other place in Eastern Illinois. Situated as she is, on the Terre-Haute and Alton Railroad, and also being the terminus of a Railroad connecting with Lafayette, which is fast being completed, Paris is bound to prosper—these Railroads will always be an advantage to her instead of ruinous, as is generally the case with most other places.

Paris is improving very fast. The Presbyterian Church, will be, when completed, a magnificent building; indeed it would be an ornament to any city. The new M. E. Church is not far behind in size and grandeur. The Seminary is a small but neat building, capable, perhaps, of accommodating 150 or 200 pupils. This accession to the school facilities, heretofore possessed by Paris, places her far ahead of any town four times her size in the West. The private residences are now put up with more than ordinary taste—especially most of the small ones.

In addition to the above mentioned improvements, they have a first class city clock, whose huge iron-tongue can be heard for miles over the prairies, until lost on the fleeting winds. Preparations are being made to erect a splendid Court-house next spring. This building is to cost \$40,000, and will be, judging from the desire and intentions of the citizens, one of the finest buildings of the kind, in any of the Western States. There is one thing certain, a prettier location for such a building is not often to be found, and if the citizens of Paris would only dress up their streets, they would have but little cause to blush when they took a New Yorker by the hand in their midst, and pointed to their Public Buildings and their pleasant homes.

Fourteen years ago, when we were a citizen of Paris, we knew almost the entire population—but, what a change has come over the face of things—our play-mates, our school mates, and our kind and affectionate teachers, where are they? We searched the place over, while on a visit the other day, in hopes of recognizing many of our old associates—but few could be found—almost an entire different population, (or generation, as we might properly say,) were treading the streets and occupying the old and familiar houses. The old school house, where we used to meet so many pleasant and smiling faces, was still standing, but none were there to greet us—time had made us a stranger upon familiar and well known ground—one by one have those associates passed away, until but few remain, and that few so widely separated that there is no hope of ever meeting each other. Many strange thoughts were thus called up—thoughts that were more for the heart than the pen, and, indeed they were strange to us and unexperienced. Then it was when we could feel the force, and see before our eyes, the sad life-like picture portrayed in the song of "Twenty Years Ago," and could appropriate the sentiment to ourselves, and truly exclaim—

"I've wandered to the village, Tom, I've sat beneath the old school house play ground, Tom, which sheltered you and me,
But none were there to greet me, Tom, and few were left to know
That played with us upon the green, Tom, some twenty years ago!"

Little have we thought of ever witnessing such a change, so forcibly marked out, as has thus come over the halcyon days of our youth, in the short space of fourteen years! Indeed, when we seriously think of it, it appears almost too fabulous.

Rev. H. L. Venable, the principal and proprietor of the Edgar County Academy, who was our last tutor, has wandered until we have lost sight of him. But wherever he and his excellent lady may locate we are sure they will be surrounded by friends, as two more kind and accomplished persons are seldom to be met with.

JOHN P. USHER.

We take the following extract from the *Washington Times*, of the 24th inst., which shows that Mr. Usher is highly esteemed wherever he is known. He is just the man we want in Congress, and there the people are determined to place him:

It is hardly necessary for us to tell our readers who John P. Usher is. Throughout this whole Congressional District he is well known as a thorough scholar, an able jurist and an eloquent speaker. In his profession he stands second to none. By his own indefatigable perseverance he has won for himself the title of "the first lawyer at the bar," and those who know him are willing to grant this application of praise. In point of talent and legal attainments, he is far superior to his opponent.

Upon the political questions now before the people, he is sound. Unlike John G. Davis, he is no demagogue. He stands upon principles that have been tried, and are acknowledged to be for the best interests of the country. He is not new, and never has been an office-seeker. The people, feeling the necessity of a champion, who is able to bear their standard, and lead them to the contest and to victory, turned to him as one man, and by unanimous voice placed him in the field. They knew their man—they felt that one was needed who had a strong arm, a pure heart, a clear judgment and nerve to carry them safely through, and that he possessed all these qualifications. There are too many men in the North who have faint hearts, and cannot stand up and battle for free principles. Usher is not such a man. In his hands the best interests of the people of the Seventh Congressional District will be safe. From the true course he will never turn, and with wrong principles he will never compromise. For freedom he will be a bold champion, and firm supporter.

Mr. Jones Gossens spoke to a large audience at Middletown, on Saturday. The people were anxious to hear such men's views. This township is Cookery's stronghold. "Glorious old Prairie Creek" has become a stereotyped phrase with him. The masses had heard the democratic side from this embodiment of old lineage so often, that some were almost persuaded to believe there was truth in what he said. The Judge, however, presented to the people the plain, unvarnished facts—he waked them up, and they began to think how this administration had endeavored to force slavery into Kansas—how it had protected "border ruffianism," and how corrupt it is, from Pierce down to the smallest specimen of a demagogue that dares to say, he is a democrat.

The sensible yeomanry of Prairie Creek are all right, and Usher and Fremont will, when the idea of October comes, receive a gallant support from this portion of our country.

Mr. John H. Dix, a splendid and well known harness maker, died in this city last night. He was an inveterate drunkard, and died in a drunken fit. Thus the life of one of our best mechanics has been destroyed by the infamous use of strong drink, but still the warning is not heeded. John was about 37 years old.

Who is the Sectional Party?

The cry against Mr. Fremont on part of the old liners is, that he is a sectional candidate. We suppose this means, that Mr. Fremont was nominated by a Convention composed mostly of Northern men. If the issues presented to the American people by the platform upon which Mr. Fremont stands, are sectional, then they are made so by the action of the South, and not by any act of the North. But we propose to examine all the positions of the several prominent candidates, and see who occupies the most sectional one.

If the Republican candidate is to be regarded as a sectional candidate, because he was nominated mostly by delegates from the free States, then we have only to say, that there were more men from the South, in the Philadelphia Convention of June, who voted for Col. Fremont's nomination, than were men from the North who voted in February for Mr. Fillmore's nomination.

Hence, if Mr. Fremont is a sectional candidate for the North, Mr. Fillmore is equally one for the South, and while Mr. Fremont has not an electoral ticket in some of the slave States, Mr. Fillmore is equally in want of one in some of the free States.

The truth is, the candidate of the Republican party is no sectional candidate. His true, he is the exponent of principles that the people of the North believe to be right, as Mr. Buchanan is the representative of principles they believe to be wrong. The democracy, in their Cincinnati Convention, while they selected a Northern man to be their standard bearer, placed him upon a platform so altogether Southern, that his individuality is entirely lost, and if he ever had any sympathy in common with free State men, he has entirely sacrificed it, in order to obtain Southern votes. The whole tenor of the democratic platform, and the avowed intention of the democratic party, is, that slavery shall be pushed into territories now free. This issue has been raised by the action of the Democratic National Convention, was presented to the North as the question, in this Presidential campaign. The North then embraced the opportunity to have this vexed question settled, and in a Convention there were invited to attend, they laid down their platform, in which they said, that slavery ought not to be extended over territory secured to freedom by the compromises of our fathers, and they placed John C. Fremont before the American people, as the exponent of this sentiment.

Now, was this Convention more sectional than the one which nominated Mr. Fillmore? We think not, and in fact the only issue presented to the American mind, that may be called a sectional one, was first presented by the democratic party. While, therefore, the democratic party has for its candidate a Northern man, yet the Southern democrats regard their platform as entirely a sectional one, and they enter this campaign to fight a sectional fight and achieve as they hope, a sectional victory.

The above are the facts of this case as we understand them. What is the duty then of the American people? Must the great issue of Freedom or Slavery, which has been forced upon the North, be abandoned, because democratic orators, and a venal press, say that Mr. Fremont stands upon a sectional platform?

There are 18,000,000 of American citizens living north of Mason and Dixon's line, and there are about 6,000,000 living south of that line. Must it be said that these 18,000,000 must not advocate this great National question because it may, by possibility, conflict with the opinions of the slaveholders in the South?

And not only so, but out of the 6,000,000 living in slave States, there is less than one half million who own all the slaves; and we think we hazard nothing in saying, that of the 5,500,000 non-slaveholders who reside in slave States, a majority of them are of the sentiment that should be honestly obtained, if the extension of slavery, and willing it should be confined to its present limits.

But this is not a sectional controversy—Many in the south will vote against the slavery extensionists, and many in the north will vote with them. In some of the Southern States they have already organized Fremont electoral tickets, and we have no doubt, that if a full and free expression of public feeling could be had, many of these States would cast their electoral vote for Mr. Fremont. Three or four hundred thousand slaveholders can not certainly expect to control the honest expression of opinion, entertained by 18,000,000 northern freemen, nor will they long lead the opinions of over 5,000,000 of their own citizens.

If, then, this is a sectional controversy, it is one that originated in a democratic convention, and was forced upon the north, by a Southern democratic platform.

Fall of a Four Story Brick Building.

Two Dwellings Crushed in the Ruins.
Loss of Life—Several Persons Wounded.
During the high wind, which accompanied the storm, yesterday afternoon, a large four story brick building on the North side of 3d street, between Race and Elm, which was in progress of erection and nearly completed, was blown down, and the ruins falling on two small frame tenements, adjoining on the East, they were completely crushed, and the inmates overwhelmed in the fallen masses. A large crowd quickly gathered around the scene of the disaster, and many went to work with a will to rescue those who were under the ruins.

The house immediately adjoining the building, was occupied by a Mr. Gamwell, with his wife and child. Mrs. Gamwell was soon taken out of the ruins, horribly crushed, and with life totally extinct. Jane Gamwell, a child aged ten years, was found lying by her side with a broken thigh.

The house next door was occupied by Mr. Penner. Mrs. P. who was within a very short period of confinement, was found some distance with her back badly hurt and her foot crushed.

Mr. James Benson who was in Mr. Penner's house at the time of the accident was badly injured in the side.

Mr. Mooney was found under some ruins where Mr. Gamwell's house stood. He was seriously bruised about the head; both eyes were closed, and one of the eyes his much is crushed—he had also a gash in his side. Two carpenters, named Jas. Rice and Jas. Fay, were working on the roof, and although they fell the entire distance to the ground, escaped with but slight injuries.

Indiana Moving.

VIGO WAKED UP!

THE FRIENDS OF FILLMORE AND DONELSON CLUB!
TERRE-HAUTE, IND., July 28, 1856.

The friends of Fillmore and Donelson met this evening, at the Court House, to perfect their arrangements towards forming a "Fillmore Club," when, on motion, Mr. C. H. Bailey was called to the Chair.

The report of the committee on organization, appointed at a meeting held on the 19th, was then called for, which was read and unanimously adopted, viz:

ARTICLES OF ASSOCIATION.
WHEREAS, The two political parties with which we are in common contending for the ascendancy, in the present Presidential contest, do endorse principles, by the adoption of their respective platforms, which are, in our opinion, sectional, varying from the principles of our Revolutionary Fathers, and dangerous to the peace and prosperity of our country, and if carried out will weaken the bonds of this Confederacy, add agitation to agitation, and sow deep the seeds of sectional strife—

And, whereas, in Millard Fillmore we have a man of peace and of compromise, who will take the Constitution of the country for his platform, regarding every section of the country as having rights that should be respected; standing as the representative of the great conservative and national sentiment of the country, and having been tried and found honest, faithful and capable; therefore be it

Resolved, That we form ourselves into a society to be called the "Vigo Fillmore Club," for the purpose of co-operating with our brethren in the State of Indiana, and throughout the United States, in electing Millard Fillmore and Andrew C. Donelson, to the Presidency and Vice Presidency of the United States, to whom a patriotic nation looks to for redress of all her wrongs.

CONSTITUTION.
ART. 1. The members of this association shall consist of men of all parties who sincerely desire the election of Millard Fillmore, and who will support him in preference to all others for President of the United States.

ART. 2. The officers of this association shall consist of a President, Vice President, Secretary and Treasurer, who shall be elected by the members of the association.

ART. 3. It shall be the duty of the President to preside over all the deliberations of this association, and call special meetings when necessary.

ART. 4. It shall be the duty of the Vice President to preside in the absence of the President.

ART. 5. It shall be the duty of the Secretary to keep a true record of all the business pertaining to the interests of the Club, and to receive and pay over to the Treasurer all money paid in by the members, taking a receipt for the same.

ART. 6. It shall be the duty of the Treasurer to keep a true account of all money received and paid out by him. All disbursements shall be authorized by the Club, and signed by the President and Secretary.

After the adoption of the above report, all those favorable to the election of Fillmore and Donelson, to the Presidency and Vice Presidency of the United States, were requested to come forward and record their names as members of the Club. In a few minutes ONE HUNDRED AND THIRTY were enrolled in the following manner:

[When all things are properly considered, this number far exceeded the most sanguine expectations. Since the meeting more than 50 have been added to the above number, and still the ball has not fairly got under way.]

The following permanent officers were then chosen:
C. H. BAILEY, President;
JOSEPH S. WALLACE, Vice President;
ISAAC M. BROWN, Secretary;
JACOB KERN, Treasurer.

Hon. W. K. Edwards, District Elector, for the 7th District, addressed the Club in an eloquent and forcible manner. His remarks were received with great interest, and with enthusiastic cheering.

The following resolutions were unanimously adopted:

Resolved, That we, the members of the Vigo Fillmore Club, here emphatically declare, that we neither desire, seek, claim or court any affiliation with the Democratic or Republican parties, and that all attempts, on their part, to create such an impression, show but a base and hypocritical movement, conceived in envy and brought forth in deception; that we are for Millard Fillmore unto the end, and no one else, sink or swim, and that we shall regard all who are not openly, boldly and fearlessly with us, as being against us.

Resolved, That the chair appoint a Vigilant Committee of five, whose duty shall be to superintend all the business of this Association.

Resolved, That the Vigilant Committee are hereby requested to make arrangements for holding, in Terre-Haute, as soon as convenient, a Fillmore and Donelson Mass Meeting, of Vigo and the adjoining counties.

Resolved, That a committee of two be appointed to procure a club of subscribers for the Louisville Journal and the Cincinnati Times. Charles Groverman and Benjamin Surrill were appointed said committee.

Resolved, That as we have no organ in this city, the Wabash Express, Wabash Courier, Terre Haute Journal and Western Star, and the New Albany Tribune, Louisville Journal and Cincinnati Times, be requested to publish the above proceedings.

The Club adjourned to meet every Thursday night hereafter.
C. H. BAILEY, Pres't.
ISAAC M. BROWN, Sec'y.

Loer Boy.—A dark complexioned boy, supposed to be about ten years of age, slender in his make, is stopping at Tonsant Perrin's, (a man of color) in this city. The boy can speak neither English, German, nor French—supposed to be an Italian—and says his mother is in Terre-Haute. He has either been lost by his parents, or abandoned by them. He has been here about five weeks. If he has any friends they may learn his whereabouts by applying as above.—*Vin. Gaz.*

Ohio.—A friend writing to us from Champlain Co. Ohio, says: "There is a stir in politics. Fremont and Dayton stand highest in the market, and I have a pretty strong belief that the Rocky Mountain Pony will be stable in the White House for four years from the 4th of March next. I shall give my vote to that ticket, for if ever rottenness reigned supreme in this land it does at this time, and if continued we shall become a byword and a his to despotic governments." The writer was one who supported Trimble in preference to Chase last fall.—*State Jour.*

For the Express.

Mr. Egerton.—In the Terre Haute Journal of Friday the 25th inst., the names of some of our citizens, who are not engaged in politics, were paraded in that delectable sheet as "Abolitionists," intended and used by them as a term of approbation—trying to convey the impression that those persons were so odious in this community, that even they, the trio of the Journal, as low as they are in the scale of morals and respectability in this community, could not associate with them; and that those bad men, "Hook, Ryce, Potter, Soule, Hudson & Co.," had tried to foist their damnable doctrine of Abolitionism on the American order, and thereupon those pure souls were compelled to leave the party and principles they loved so much, and performing a few clumsy evolutions of self in the mud, fell into the sweet embraces of Free Whiskey, more Niggers and harder Ruffianism!

Mr. Editor, I beg your indulgence for a little space, while we analyze the trio, although I know it is giving them more consequence than they merit.

Of thy great embodiment, Grafton, it is unnecessary to say anything, as every boy ten years old, on the streets, shouts his history as he runs.

The next in order on the list, is T. I. Bourne, who like his great leader on the State ticket for Governor, A. P. Willard, pledged himself to his friends that if they would give him the nomination for Mayor, in May, 1857, that he would keep sober and carry out the Temperance law; but like his great leader, Willard, he failed to keep that promise, for it is said, and generally believed that he was in such a state of blissful ignorance, that his friends dropped him like a hot potato.

This was the cause of his leaving the American party, not Abolitionism, as they falsely assert, for this took place in April, 1855, and the slavery issue was never raised in the Order until the meeting of the National Council in June following.

Next in order comes James, the youth that was sucked in and done for, a very conceited and ambitious boy, who has been a candidate for office whenever there was an opening, ever since he has been old enough. He could not stand Abolitionism in the Order. Well, let us see.

In the Order, he aspired to and received many offices and wanted more than he got. His self-conceit thrust him forward in May, 1855, for the office of Mayor, and when he found he stood no chance he tried to procure the consent of a man entirely outside and opposed to the Order, to run against the nominee—and he, the said James, yet in full membership and confidence of the Order; for after this he sought and obtained the nomination of Councilman for the 5th Ward, by the members in said Ward—ran on the ticket and was elected as such; served as such, until the Temperance law was going into operation, his love of office prompted him to seek, as a friend of the law, one of the agencies; which he obtained and held as long as the law lasted—He was then out of office. The American Order was torn to fragments on the slavery issue—the temperance movements were paralyzed by the Supreme Court, and this office hunting youth, calculating the chances, saw a very dull prospect for him with his old friends; and adopting the motto of those who when he now associates, that principles are at stake, he raised the abolition flag, and pitched neck and heels into the foul embrace of old lineage, and offered himself a willing tool to open any way, and has become the tool of the foul in this denunciation of men whose character and standing in all respects, it is impossible for him or his associates to ever hope to reach.

With this little bit of history I leave the matter, and will not seek any notoriety by further notice of this amiable crew, knowing that a controversy with them, would be like deliberately walking into a nest of skunks—the victory might be complete, but the fruits would be terrible.

ONE WHO KNOWS.

P. S. We understand this man for office is still tagging with this ambitious youth, and requires all the skill of his keepers to keep him in check, and if not appeased soon will be the pretext for another "ed in the mud" movement.

Resolutions of the French Republicans.
At a meeting of the Frenchmen of Indianapolis, one evening last week, the following resolutions were adopted:

Resolved, That slavery is the relic of a barbarous age, and in this enlightened era should become extinct.

Resolved, That they are hypocrites and liars, who out of motives of interest and ambition dare to say, that the men who would give liberty to the slave are disturbers of the peace, sectionalists, and enemies of "law and order," and the Constitution.

Resolved, That every American who trembles at the threats of the slave power, gives evidence of cowardice, and that the resolution of the late Cincinnati Old Line Convention which follows, is false, and a bitter mockery—to wit: "Noninterference by Congress with Slavery in State and Territory, or in the District of Columbia."

Resolved, That as the firm friends of American progress and liberty, our adopted fellow-citizens be requested to co-operate with us in making Kansas Free; that we side with the Republican Democratic party for the non-extension of slavery, and do hereby pledge ourselves to cast our votes for Fremont and Freedom.

Home.
BY MONTGOMERY.

There is a spot of earth supremely blest,
A dearer sweeter spot than all the rest;
Where man, creation's tyrant, casts aside
His sword and sceptre, pageantry and pride,
While in his softened look, benignly bend
The sire, the son, the husband, father, friend,
Here woman rears the mother, daughter, wife
Sweeps with fresh flowers the narrow way of life.

In the clear heaven of her delightful eye,
An angel guard of love and grace lies;
Around her knees domestic duties meet,
And freeds pleasures gambol at her feet.
Where shall that lamb, that spot of earth be found?
Art thou a man? a patriot? look around!
Oh! thou shalt find, how'er thy footsteps roam,
That and thy country, and that spot thy Home.

Mr. J. A. Hendricks, we understand, was nominated by acclamation for Congress, in the Third District, at the Republican Convention, held at Columbus for that purpose.

For the Express.

Spiritual Rapping Outdone!

Communication direct from the Infernal Regions.

Reported to have been found in an excavation caused by the earth taking fire, in Patton county, Ind., some years ago, and burning for a number of weeks, and supposed by some, to be the residence of the Evil One, but disputed by others, on account of the indication of *Prophets* rather than *Sulphur*.

This extraordinary communication is as follows:
To Mr. TOWNSEND and DEUEL REEFER, NATIVE, THE PROPRIETORS OF THE "INDIANA STATE SENTINEL."

REV. SIR:—If ever potentate could glory in the devotion of a subject, I can in yours. At first I was deceived in you. Your strategy so far excelled my conceptions, that your abolition vote for Birney, your seeming devotion to Education and Temperance, excited fears lest you were seduced from my service. I soon discovered, however, that these acts were to secure the confidence of "fanatics" and "itinerant vagabonds," and elevate you to the superintendence of free schools. Your success was admirable—it resulted most profitably! That twenty thousand, obtained by your financial skill, has enabled you to outdo me, all hollow, in promoting my own cause, and then your example may have such a happy influence in forming the character of those under your superintendence, and fitting them for my service.

Your land investments gave me no anxiety, as my officials so often make such purchases when they are financially blessed—but when you purchased the "Sentinel," my most reliable organ, I was again alarmed. These presses, until I am sure I have the subsidized strike terror to my soul, and notwithstanding I had received so many proofs of your loyalty, I did fear lest your former proclivities might prevail—that you might become free soil in your labors, united with exertions in behalf of that accursed prohibitory liquor law, and that through your instrumentality the pro-slavery cause might be defeated, the prohibitory liquor law sustained and I defeated and dethroned!

But when you called to your aid, those whose long and faithful services to me, had not only become second nature to them, but nature itself, and your course flashed upon my understanding, I could but bow down and acknowledge your superiority. You so ingeniously took your position behind them, that when I whispered in your ear, you could communicate to theirs, without loss of your clerical guise. I should have shouted, had I not known how disgraceful shouting was to you! Thanks to your superior management and devotion, I felt myself safe again, and could trust all to your unequalled skill.

At the moment when Stringfellow, Atchison, Pierce, Douglas & Co., had carried out my instructions so successfully, and my faithful subjects were enacting such glorious scenes in Kansas—electing a legislature to enact laws superior to those of my own kingdom, to tar and feather, duck, stab, shoot, hang and imprison—to drive men from the territory, and women and children from the temporary cabins provided for their shelter, to lie upon the ground, exposed to sun and storm; burn public buildings and private dwellings; to steal rob and plunder; and destroy those accursed printing presses, under pretence of arresting traitors to our cause, under the protection of the army and navy—when all this, so gratifying to my heart, was going bravely on, I gloried that you were behind, to denounce every statement of these acts, which might reach your district, as "abolition lies!" If triumphant—ah! I can look upon gangs of human beings, stepping to the music of cracking whips and clanking chains—can behold thousands, at early dawn shaking drowsiness from their eyes, and flitting from their garments, and dragging their emaciated bodies from their hovels to their unpaid toil—their sighs, groans, and unspiced ejaculations will feast my heart.

In all this you shall richly participate, if you will so cry "abolition! abolition! abolition!" and all the time "abolition! abolition!" and "dissolution of the Union!" as to hold the old liners together, and add sufficient numbers, to secure our triumph.

The boldness with which you denounced Black Republican-Abolitionism, for squandering the public money, in sending a committee of three, at eight dollars a day each, to investigate our conduct in Kansas, excites my admiration! The testimony they obtained, however, will prove ruinous to our cause, unless you can prevent the Democrats (that's the name, not old liners) from giving credence to their official report. This I fear you cannot do, as they are accustomed to believing official documents.

If they read this document, many of them will believe it, and they may think you insincere in denouncing these facts as "abolition lies." You must therefore prevent them from reading it; you have made a glorious beginning, and your only chance is to carry it out—but it will not do to attempt to turn their attention from it by referring to the cost of this committee, else you may direct their attention to that Kansas pacification bill, which provides that Pierce shall appoint five commissioners at ten dollars per day and expenses paid, to go to Kansas and abolish all our laws and doings there. This will open their eyes to (that I so much hate) the truth, that we had no other plea to urge, against the investigation, much as we shuddered at the consequences to us—and that this was merely a pretext, as these commissioners will cost much more than the investigating committee. The whole arrangement is a bid for us, as this backing out, proves that the President has the power to do away such squatter sovereignty, or else he is a usurper, and that he could have done it before we enjoyed all the past, as well as to do it now.

I feel the greatest anxiety for your election to the school superintendency, as your illustrious example may create so many great fanatics, and the fact of your success would be construed as an approval of your course, and a rebuke to those who dare to question the right of a Diviner to crib twenty thousand, when he has an opportunity.

But I must leave all my important interests in your hands, which I know I can do with safety, as you have proved that in taking and hiding—in falsifying and deceiving, in keeping up the prejudices of old liners, fashing them up to a perfect phrensy, in making them believe falsehood, and deny the truth, you can beat your master—

THE DEVIL.

AN ADVENTURE ON THE PLAINS.
In the year 18—, I undertook the perilous journey of crossing the Plains, on my way from the Atlantic States to California. Our company was composed of nine persons—Among them was Bill Johnson, formerly a hunter and trapper of the West.